

Fourteen years & upwards this child stay'd there,
 The farmer and his wife went to a fair,
 And left this young Lady at home to stay;
 But see what happen'd while they were away.

As she was standing that day at the door,
 An old man begg'd of her, who was very poor:
 My parents they are not at home, she reply'd,
 And to give their substance I dare not, she cry'd.

With that the old beggar-man said with a smile,
 You are kept in ignorance surely, my child;
 They are not your parents whom you honour here,
 Your father's a Knight of ten thousand a year.

Such a Knight is your father, such a Lady your
 Besides, children they never had other. [mother;
 For this news, she said, here's five shillings for thee,
 And into this matter I further will see.

When the farmer came home at night he smil'd,
 And said, What's for supper, my dearest child?
 Her answer was to him, what makes you say so?
 I'm none of your daughter, you very well know.

Such a Knight is my father; and I tell you plain
 I'll be satisfy'd e'er I sleep again.

She took horse and rid to the Nobleman's gate,
 Where he and his Lady stood very great.

He said, Girl, how do thy parents do?
 Her answer was, Sir, that's best known to you.
 The girl talks madly, said he; let me know
 Upon what account you answer me so?

She said, Sir, a beggar-man came to the door,
 And he told me you was my father besure:
 If this thing be true, sir, he tells unto me,
 Why was I put off in my infancy?

